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EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

 HIS issue of our Quarterly presents a delightful "table of contents" for readers. The piquant and strongly enunciated article on Dean Swift will command general attention—not for anything actually new which it makes known, but for the view it takes of the great Dean's life, labors, and character. The poem by Mr. Duganne is a fine one. Alice Cary's story is one of her most peculiar, exquisitely elaborated narratives, filled with such character painting, such pathos and power, as have already rendered her name eminent in England, as well as in America. The sketches of Virginia, contributed by John Esten Cooke, are very pleasing, as throwing a fresh light upon a landscape of real beauty. The tale by the late William North is a wild, fearful piece of passion-painting—such as only could be wrought by his hand. "Mosaics" is a very pleasant essay upon that species of art-production. The minor articles are varied in subject, and of more than usual interest. We think this issue cannot fail to please.

—For the December number we have very fine things in store: An essay by Henry T. Tuckerman; a story by Miss Harriet Prescott (author of "Sir Rohan's Ghost," "The Amber Gods," etc., etc.); a poem by Richard Henry Stoddard, illustrated by John R. Chapin; "Sketches of Virginia," by John Esten Cooke; conclusion of Alice Cary's "Winifred Nowel;" a poem by William Gilmore Simms; a very graphic essay on the life and loves of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton; poems by Phoebe Cary, Mrs. Victor, and others; sketches (with portraits) of Miss Louise Lander; Bleauvelt, the artist; and Miss Evans, authoress of "Beulah;" and the usual summaries of art and literary news, gossip, etc., etc. The illustrations will be unusually fine, comprising a most exquisite steel engraving of a picture painted for the Association, by Mrs. Lily M. Spencer, and called "Grandfather's Prodigies;" original views of American scenery, very finely engraved by N. Orr; several full page cuts from well-known pictures; portraits, poem illustrations, etc., etc. It is the purpose to make that issue a model magazine, in all respects, and we may safely promise that it will reflect credit upon the Association, and

the work it proposes—of disseminating a taste for the good and beautiful in art and literature.

—It may be well guessed that, in the yearly progress of the Association, some queer things will transpire. When it is understood that over twenty-five thousand persons are comprised in the list of members, of various tastes and feelings, and of information more or less trustworthy in passing judgments, it will be surmised that the Directory have letters good, bad, and indifferent—letters of applause and of reproach, of advice, entreaty, threat, complaint, and all that is "miscellaneous." Some presume to know the business necessities of the country *alarmingly* well; some care nothing for the community generally, but "go in" for themselves alone. One wants to know why we cannot give every subscriber a painting instead of a print? Another "wishes to remark that it would enhance the Association's success immeasurably if the ART JOURNAL was published monthly, instead of quarterly;" but, of course, neither of these parties think of paying any more than three dollars, and regard themselves as "patrons of art" at that, notwithstanding the said painting would cost twenty dollars, and the ART JOURNAL, monthly, would cost six dollars more! One "cannot see *why* we cannot supply the steel plates as cheaply as lithographs are furnished," and he writes back that "he don't believe the story," when the Corresponding Secretary tells him that a steel plate costs thousands of dollars more than a lithograph to prepare—costs many times more to print (only about *six* can be printed in an hour), and will only print a few thousand where a lithograph will print *millions*, if necessary. One chap, up in Michigan—an "agent," by the way, of the Association, but we will not indicate the town, in compassion for the people whose intelligence he so misrepresents—drew a prize picture at the last annual award, and, because it was not all *his* fancy painted it (it was one of Thom's character delineations), says "he will hang the d—d thing upon his store door, where everybody can see it, and understand what a humbug the Association is." And so the record runs—a string of complaints which would really be unbearable if they were not relieved by very numerous communications from more creditable and intelligent quarters, which applaud the labors of the

Association in the true spirit of encouragers of honest endeavor to spread works of art and literature among *all* classes. Of course the officers of the Association feel keenly any censure bestowed upon them, for their labors are illy paid at best, and the effort to give the public ten dollars' worth for three is indeed a thankless one, if it incurs censure rather than applause. But, the enormous good already accomplished—the immense influence already attained by the institution—prove the general popularity of the labors of the Directory, and lead them to accept the occasional rebuffs meted out to them as "necessary evils," which they must be patient in enduring and charitable in excusing. The real patrons of the Association, its true friends and sympathizers, may rest assured nothing will be left undone to forward the best interests of the institution—that all promises made will be satisfactorily fulfilled—that the public shall receive benefits far transcending those ever conferred by any single effort, in sending out works of art and literature to ornament the homes of the people, and to expand their taste. If occasional *lapses* do occur—if engravings and ART JOURNALS are not "up to time"—let all understand it is from mere mechanical reasons (delays of engravers, artists, designers, and printers), which it is impossible to avoid, in an enterprise of the truly gigantic dimensions of that which must now be directed to the best interests of the whole. Delays in delivery of engravings and ART JOURNALS, losses by mail, errors of entry, mistakes of mail clerks—are more annoying to the officers of the Association than to any others, and, *of course*, would not be allowed if any energy or vigilance would prevent their occurrence. Where they *do* occur, a simple notice, stating briefly and explicitly the delinquency, will suffice to correct what is wrong. Let subscribers bear this in mind when they would show impatience, and we are sure they will find their confidence repaid. It is so much *easier* to be kind and gentlemanly in discourse and intercourse, that we wonder people take so much *pains*, at times, to be harsh and suspicious. The laws of kindness are laws of equity, proceeding from the spirit of that blessed rule which teaches "Do unto others whatsoever ye would that they should do unto you."

—Our correspondents give us an occasion good thing which will bear repe-

tition. One, writing from Lawrenceburg, Ind., says:

"We think that, in this part of the country, we are making great progress, and the people are displaying quite a taste for art. The Jews have been here; and have sold largely of landscape paintings at from three to ten dollars apiece! They are wonderful specimens of art, considering the fact that they were gotten up in some second class window-shade establishment 'down East.' Any beholder can see that the colors are oil, as every house painter uses the same quality of paints. Some of our wealthy citizens have their parlors ornamented with landscapes, blue, black, green, and otherwise, by the half-dozen and dozen, and it is a notable fact that your own engravings are 'no whar,' compared with these paintings, in the estimation of the said 'patrons of art.' One of my neighbors exchanged a fine copy of the 'Village Blacksmith,' and five dollars, for a 'mag-nif-i-cent moonlight scene,' in which a huge moon of pure white lead shed rays of yellow ochre over a chrome green and lampblack landscape. There are a very few passable pictures in this part of the country, and but few. In January, 1859, the writer hereof was one of the lucky ones in the drawing. My picture arrived safely; and the neighbors came in to see it. One lady advised me to put a looking-glass in the frame—it would be so nice.' One gentleman, of professed taste, was very indignant that the Association 'would put off an old thing on a subscriber.' I could fill you a big sheet with slurs and odd remarks passed upon the only good painting ever in the place."

A lady, writing from the White Mountains, thinks that our institution "would be more popular with her immediate community if we would have an engraved view (on steel) of their village, taking in the grave-yard and the back end of the church—the front being lately shattered by a squall!" As the lady is the only subscriber in that romantic spot, and as the steel plate engraving would cost about two hundred and fifty dollars merely to engrave, we beg to "decline the proposition," even though, as she slyly intimates, "the pastor might become a subscriber."

A Georgian, quite a chess connoisseur, "wants to know why we cannot have Tiffany manufacture a number of superb sets of chess-men—fac-similes of the set pre-

sented to Paul Morphy—and put them on our prize list." To keep the equilibrium, we should have to add a number of billiard tables, a few dozen backgammon boards, a score of bats and balls for base ball and wicket, a few packs of cards, etc., etc.

Three ladies, in Pittsburg, suggest "that we offer as prizes the portraits of the prettiest woman in each of the leading cities—it would give *such* eclat to the Association." But, the dear creatures do not tell us how we shall decide which is the prettiest woman, how we shall compel her to sit for her portrait, and how we should pay the bill for one hundred or more portraits, at one hundred dollars each, besides giving the necessary other prizes. If the three suggestors of the plan will send us, *just to try the experiment*, their own portraits, we will place them on our premium lists!

A publisher of a certain paper in Central Ohio says, "he has advertised for us for five years and never has drawn a thing in our awards, and he therefore don't think it is just the right thing." We may state that we have advertised in his paper for five years, at an expense to us of fifteen dollars, and have succeeded in obtaining just three subscribers, which is not "just the thing" for our interests, and we guess we will relieve that editor from any further efforts to obtain one hundred dollars worth for nothing.

A queer case is related of a subscriber in a small town in Illinois, who drew a prize for two years in succession (the third and fourth). He subscribed again for the fifth year, and drew nothing. The sixth year the same result followed; whereupon he writes the Directory an indignant letter, saying that "he believed the thing was a humbug—if the award had been fair he certainly should have drawn something," and demands that his money forthwith be returned: "the Shakspeare he will keep for the trouble he has been to in the matter." The Directory propose striking a leather medal for that "patron."

—Going to Watering Places is a good means of learning the uninitiated that there is no place like home for some things. A friend who has been off in quest of sights, country air, and a good time generally, recently returned quite unexpectedly to the hot city, and gave as a reason that he "couldn't stand it to go into the country." After much question-

ing we gleaned something of the facts of his case. A diary was produced—it reads:

"FIRST DAY.—Got up early; shaved; hair cropped; donned a travelling suit, expressly ordered; coat too big; pants too small; cap just fits, only it has no rim; boots rather heavy; waited for nine o'clock; started in 'bus for boat; forgot fishing tackle; returned; rather late for train; got into carriage, and paid a dollar and a half for extra driving; just in time for train; broke fishing tackle getting on cars; rode four hours; got out at dépôt hungry, but no refreshments; took carriage without springs, and rode ten miles; arrived at Lake House and found it full; went to farmers near by and got kept for a dollar a day; no smoking allowed, and tea for breakfast; no dinner; supper on blackberries and bread; went to bed early; rather growly; straw "tick" and bed cord; slept.

"SECOND DAY.—Called up at five for breakfast; didn't hurry, and found all done when I entered; cold cakes, cold tea, cold looks from the old lady, who couldn't see the use of young folks being so slow; went out for a smoke, and got chased by the dog; concluded to go fishing on lake; paid boy a dollar to be pulled over the lake; trolled for pike, but didn't get a nibble—boy pulled too slow; sun very hot; water very still; burnt nose and face to a blister; took hold of oars to pull boat up lake where boy said there *might* be good fishing; blistered hands badly; run boat aground in soft mud; had to climb out into water to "lift her off;" got home at two P. M.; no dinner; supper on toast, tea, and salt mackerel; had invitation to hotel to dance; old lady said she closed doors exactly at ten o'clock; told her to close them when she pleased, when she told me to take my clothes, as she didn't like city chaps, no-how; I did; danced all night, and had to pay five dollars next morning for "sundries," which I didn't have; got room at hotel along with five others; size of room ten by twenty feet; size of bed three by six feet; no mosquito bars, and 'skeeters' dreadful; no sleep, and *some* 'cussin'; six beds in a row, and clothes got mixed; another man got on my boots; I got on another man's socks and cravat; quarrelled about it; poor breakfast, and saucy chambermaid; clerk called attention to placard, which said: 'Gentlemen without trunks, will pay for rooms and meals in

advance,' said I would pay for room when I had one; was told to clear; which I did; time to city made in five hours; cost of enjoying the country two days—eleven dollars and fifty cents; a traveling suit for sale cheap."

Here ends the record. Our friend is resolved, hereafter, to rusticate in Central Park and the Stadt Theatre, at twenty-five cents per hour.

—John Iverson was recently arrested and imprisoned, at the South, for aggravated polygamy; he had thirteen wives. The daughter of the jailor whose hospitality this insatiable polygamist was enjoying, while awaiting trial, believed him innocent, pitied him, loved him, opened the prison doors, fled with him, became his fourteenth wife. After eight days of domestic bliss, the husband disappeared, and left neither trace nor money behind. A reward was offered for his capture; a description of his fascinating person was circulated; he was recognized in a village tavern by a man who thought of the reward offered, and set about preparing his toils for the victim. In order to instil confidence into his breast, he made his acquaintance, invited him to his mansion, and then went off to procure legal assistance. When he returned, his home was deserted alike by his intended prey and his own wife, whom Iverson had led astray. A wretched man suggests that a proper, though a terribly severe punishment, would be to compel this polygamist to live with his fifteen wives at once.

—The number of serious accidents to women from fire, renders it necessary that either they or their gossamer clothing should be rendered fire-proof. One ounce of phosphate of ammonia to a quart of water is said to insure dresses, and a company is about organizing for the insurance of the women against everything but an old flame, which no lady is supposed to wish put out, except it be that another "spark" is ready to man-age her affairs. A philological query suggests itself: was the word *matches* derived from match eyes?

—Talking about eyes, a Cincinnati story-teller comes at us with the following loving statistic: "A physiological wonder occurred a short time since, in this city, which will doubtless prove as interesting to your readers as it already has to physiologists and oculists. A young and exceedingly interesting girl,

residing on Eighth street, whose amiable disposition, elegant manners, and placid beauty of soul, had endeared her to all who knew her, was, a year or two ago, compelled to discontinue her studies and leave school, in consequence of a partial loss of eyesight, that threatened to become total. She was entirely unable to read, and, although she could see well enough to enable her to walk about, visit her friends and entertain them when they called upon her, the threatened loss of sight gave her much annoyance, and aroused the sympathies of all who became acquainted with the facts. A number of our most skilful physicians were employed by the family, and she was even taken to some of our most noted oculists; but, all their learning, dexterity, and management, proved unavailing. Her eyes looked healthy, were beautifully pensive in their expression, and seemed deep as her soul was pure; but they were, nevertheless, to her, almost wholly useless. Notwithstanding this rather melancholy physical defect, a young man, who had long been devoted to her, offered her his hand in marriage. She demurred, and, through an excess of affection, refused to bestow it upon the man who had long since won her heart, stating that she never would consent to become a burden upon the man she loved. For a long time he persisted in his suit, and at length, through his praises and sighs, made her believe that life without her, even if she were wholly blind, were better than a Paradise where she was not. A month or two ago, her resolution was rescinded, and she became his wife; and, strange as it may seem, from that day her eyesight began to improve, and she is now able to read the finest print by gas-light, without pain and without any apparent optical injury. The case has caused considerable sensation among those who are conversant with the circumstances. Apart from its significance as a well-established ocular fact, it is a practical illustration of what has been clearly and wittily said, that "Love is blind, but Hymen is the oculist who alone can open his eyes." This is not the only recorded case where the eyes have been opened by matrimony.

—A Lafayette (Indiana) correspondent objects to the story we told in our June issue, of the Wabash Valley belles having their legs painted, in imitation of silk hose, by Winter, the artist. She thinks it a highly improbable incident.

We don't. We have known many a belle to paint, and see no improbability in their employing a first-rate artist to do the job for them. Mr. Winter, for his successes in that line, probably will be admitted to the Order of the Garter.

—Rumor has it that Mr. Paul Akers, the sculptor, is soon to wed the authoress, Miss Florence Percy. He is an *acre* worth having, *per se*! We do not charge anything for our compliment.

—'Tis said that "absence conquers love," but we have just heard a pleasant incident *au contraire*. A young printer, of this city, fell in love with a beautiful girl, who had the *misfortune* to be rich. He essayed to attract her attention, but who ever heard of a pretty rich girl falling very deeply in love with a poor printer? Despairing, he started for California—that land of refuge for broken fortunes and wounded hearts. This was in the year 1850, when San Francisco was a village, and wanted printers more than at present. The boy quickly became a man there; and, embarking in the printing business, soon found himself the proprietor of an establishment from which sprung, in due time, a weekly paper, ere long to be followed by a daily. His journal and his fortunes flourished amazingly, and he returned to New-York in 1854, with the *avowed* purpose of buying a six-cylinder press, but, with the *unavowed* purpose of locking up a lovely form in his now golden chases. Alas, for human hopes! The maiden was wedded, and the mother of two children. The printer bought his presses and returned to California—a sadder, not a wiser man. Years progressed, and he prospered. One day a lady visited his editorial rooms to lay her modest contribution on his table, in hopes of getting some remuneration for it. Her story was told briefly: her husband had come to mend his fortunes in the land of gold, and had died, and she was left very poor, with her two children to support. The editor looked at the lady a moment—then handed her a doubloon. The astonished woman essayed to utter thanks, but was waved away. To shorten the story, the lady was his early love, and—he married her, sold out his establishment, returned to New-York, and is now enjoying as much felicity on the banks of the Hudson as it falls to the lot of few printers even to conceive.

—Harper's Magazine, for August, says of the last anniversary of our Inde-

pendence: "We are now eighty-five years old." Edward Everett, in his Boston oration on the 4th of July, said: "Eighty-four years ago, this day, the Anglo-American colonies," etc., etc. We guess "Easy Chair" is a little *fast*.

—A correspondent from the "Up Country," wants engagements as a lecturer. He "will adapt himself to any audience." He can "address upon any subject, especially upon calisthenics; including the sits-bath and horseracing; floriculture, including the grape and corn; dog-raising, including certain species of fish and rabbits; geology, including the steam plough and patent pump; phrenology, including wax figures and the preparation of pomatums; parks, including a dissertation on the Irish race; and, indeed, upon almost any subject you may name." He adds: "I am a person of good standing in the Close Communion Baptist Church; am not married, being a widower with three children, and therefore have plenty of time on my hands. If you can make any engagements for me, I will pay you a liberal discount." We must turn the man of much learning over to Phineas T. Barnum, as his calling is rather out of our line. If any of our political clubs—the "Wide Awakes," the "Rail Splitters," the "Rip Roarers," the "Lone Stars," etc.—are in want of a missionary, here is their customer.

—Speaking of addresses: before us is a "fourth of Independence oration," "delivered by Erasmus Enoch Stackpole before the citizens, inhabitants, and female community of Lansing Four Corners, in Michigan, and printed by order of the Justice of the Peace in and for said county, namely, Ebenezer Stackpole, Esq." The oration is sent to us *in MS.*, with the order of said Justice of the Peace "to have the same printed and sold for his account, reserving enough from the proceeds of said sale to pay said expenses, and all other necessary several charges." We have pondered over the first page of the oration, more or less, and have come to the conclusion that it will make the fortune of any "enterprising" publisher who will assume the responsibility of introducing it to a "wide-spread circulation." Here is the opening sentence: "Friends, and fellow citizens, and countrymen, and people of the surrounding country: I arise before you, and for you, and with you, and unto you, upon the solemn and glorious occasion when

patriots rejoice and tyrants tremble, and brass bands generally play 'See, the Conquered Hero Roams.' I arise, I say, upon this apprehensive occasion, to lay upon the altar of our common country my incense, and trust every female within the influence of my echo will do likewise, as it is to the mothers, and daughters, and girls of America that we owe the banner which so proudly floats above this pine desk. We have met together, I may be permitted to premise, to celebrate the birthday of this Fourth of July, when the stars and stripes first soared triumphantly to the gale, and made the British lion crouch into his skin like a mud crab into his hole. [Immense sensation.] Glorious institution! May you live unto the age of the oldest tree of yon roaring forest, and never die. [Cheers, and music from the band, composed of a clarinet and trombone.] Don't let me restrain your enthusiasm, my friends, on such a portentous occasion as this; for, like a barrel of fermenting cider, you might do yourselves great injustice. Go on, then, and cheer your speaker, and the music. Let the girls shower around this desk—this temple of fame—their hollyhocks and persimmon leaves; for all these things are incense upon the altars of your constitution and by-laws. Three cheers, then, for the occasion and the cause we celebrate." [Three roaring cheers are given, amid which the orator retires for a drink of cider.]

If any publisher, of good standing as a patriot and American, wishes to negotiate for the exclusive right to print, publish, and sell this "tribute to his common country," we are ready for the business.

—N. P. Willis, in one of his late "letters from the West," gives tobacco chewers some pretty hard "plugs," and, we think, with justice. Tobacco chewing is a disgusting habit at the best—fit only for a savage state of society; but, when you see a man littering up the floors of cars, offices, of places of amusement and general resort, with pools of his nauseating saliva, the "habit" becomes simply a shameless insult, which well merits punishment. Conductors of cars, proprietors of public resorts, owe it to common decency to eject any from their places who are *guilty* of polluting the very floors with their revolting expectorations. The *proper* place for such are in the cattle trains of railways, the most retired rooms of fourth-rate hotels, and the fourth tier

of theatres. These are our sentiments in regard to the *American* vice of tobacco chewing *and* spitting.

—The meteor which lately passed over New-York has been the theme of much discussion. We saw it, from beginning to end, and would have taken our oath that it came up from the Hackensack flats, passed just over our heads, at rifle-shot distance, on Bergen Hill, and "went out" just over New-York city. But the *savans*—the men who know everything—aver it came into the earth's atmosphere from the region beyond the great lakes—that its nearest approach to the earth was thirty-five miles—that it passed off into the regions of space after it crossed the ocean. This *may* be so; but it would have seemed more probable if some fireworks man had avowed that it was a big rocket, which he "let fly" to advertise his wares.

—The Directory request us to state that the plate of the engraving "Shakespeare and his Friends," has long been in process of restoration to its original purity, and will soon be ready for impressing, when most superb prints will immediately be forwarded to all subscribers who may not have been served. The restoration has occupied two months more time than was at first contemplated, but the delay has enhanced the perfectness of the picture so greatly as to leave no cause for regret. It will come forth, in many respects, a *better* engraving than when first published. This picture will be furnished to all new subscribers who wish it.

—The new engraving of "Falstaff Mustering his Recruits," is nearly ready for the press. It has employed the best energies of the best engravers in this country for a working time of nearly three years, in its production, and its cost has been very great. But it is a success, *in all respects*, and the expense incurred will not be regretted. The work is all in *pure line*, except the faces, which are done in stipple, as producing a softer tone. The subject is all that could be asked in character, action, expression, and pleasing effect. In size it is a companion of the "Shakespeare and his Friends," but superior to that very fine plate in all the highest requisites of the burin. We can but congratulate the Association upon its success in this work. Let us advise all old subscribers to *renew their subscriptions early*, thus to get early impressions of the plate.